The Liberalist

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WILLOW WHISTLE

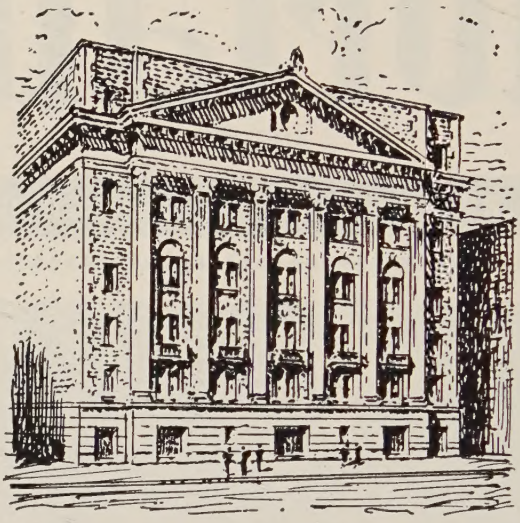
Only a boy
Can set free
The music in
A willow tree

Can find the cricket
And the lark
Hidden in
A willow's bark.

Can fife and flute,
Can lilt and croon
The notes that make
A willow tune.

Can blow an air
Winged as a thistle
From a little
Willow whistle.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

DR. BRADLEY'S articles "Along the Way" telling of his and Mrs. Bradley's summer experiences in Europe will begin in the September number of The Liberalist. We publish here a letter written by Dr. Bradley to the Editor of "Inquirer," of London, thinking that our readers will be interested in it. In its brief contents it sums up what Dr. Bradley has often said in his addresses about the cultural aspects of Chicago. It might be worth keeping on hand to combat any derogatory remarks about our splendid and fair city. I could have used it to good advantage had I had a copy with me during a conversation I had this summer at Saugatuck, Michigan.

Chicago Cultural Statistics.

June 7, 1958.

Editor, Inquirer,
14 Gordon Square,
London WC 1, England.

Dear Friend:

My colleage and warm personal friend, Dr. Jack, has written in your esteemed publication splendidly of Chicago. We appreciate very much your publishing his article; but there is another side to Chicago quite apart from the materialistic progress of which Dr. Jack wrote so adequately.

As a resident of Chicago for 50 years and the minister of one church in the city for nearly 47 years, I am going to add a few pertinent and important facts regarding Chicago.

More people passed through the Chicago Art Institute last year than through any other art gallery in the world, not excepting the Louvre.

More young men are studying for spiritual leadership in the Roman Catholic Church, in the Jewish faith, and in the Protestant church than in any other metropolitan area in the world, not excepting Rome.

More men and women on the faculties of our three great educational institutions—the University of Chicago, Northwestern University and Loyola University—have received the Nobel prize than in any other educational center in the world, not excepting Oxford or Cambridge.

And now I speak officially, as chairman of the Library Committee of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library, which I have served for thirty years, when I say that last year we had more books in circulation in the Chicago Public Library than in any other public library in the world.

We have the largest Roman Catholic diocese in the world and also the largest Unitarian church.

We are something more than "hog butcher and wheat stacker" as our great poet, Carl Sandburg, described us in one of his immortal poems.

We are looking forward to our visitors from abroad in August and our hospitality committee is working hard, that all who attend may have a most inspiring and interesting experience.

In all the years in which I have lived in Chicago I have grown to love it more and more. Having traveled considerably over the earth, I know the difference between a reputation and a character. I know what the reputation of Chicago is in many places, but I also know its true character.

I hope that this factual recital of another side of Chicago's life will not be minimized simply because one could

be justly accused of the unattractive trait of boasting.

We shall be in England all of July and are looking forward to renewing many valued friendships which we have made during the years.

We are returning to Chicago in time to be present at the meeting of the Congress, which I am going to address on August 12th.

Sincerely,
Preston Bradley, Pastor,
Peoples Church of Chicago

THREE PRAYERS

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Dr. Bradley always feels that in every congregation there are hearts that are weary, grieving, frustrated, worried or depressed. The following three prayers were written for the "Pulpit Digest," a Christian publication which regularly comes to Dr. Bradley's Study desk. In any moment of trouble our readers may find strength and comfort from reading these prayers, in which one can feel that their pastor is praying with them to the God of all mankind:

ETERNAL Father of Freedom and Liberty, worshipping quietly and reverently within the walls of our own hearts, we can lift our hearts to Thee. Look down from Thine eternal habitation on this world of confusion, chaos and sadness. Help us to really see and to know in our hearts that there are no mountains. Help each of us, no matter how we may be troubled or worried or anxious, and no matter how badly things might have gone for us or how tired we are, no matter what experience might have settled down upon us, may we sense that eternal and everlasting assistance which comes from the undiminished supply of Thy great heart. * * *

Eternal heart of all mankind, help me to see beyond the narrow confines of race, of color, of church and creed—beyond all that limits mankind. Help me to know that in spite of ancestry, or color, or creed, or religion, or birth, or nationality; in spite of everything, man is brother to his fellowman; and every black man, every yellow man, every white man, and every red man, every Roman Catholic, every Jew, every Protestant, every atheist, and every man who may be different than I am, is still, underneath the differences, my brother.

O heart of love, in this moment of sacred beauty, cleanse, purify all of our hearts, heal broken bodies, and bless every agency being used in the healing; quiet turbulent souls, bring them strength and that power which comes to us all if we will only open our hearts and our minds for the infiltration of Thy love. * * *

Heavenly Father, wilt Thou still this anguished spirit? May the quiet stillness and dignity of Thine own presence rest upon my personality this day.

Might every heart feel the presence of that which cannot fail, which cannot be destroyed, and which will ride out every tempest; that strength which comes from the eternal source of the ultimate power which finally will have its way with this world. Put us in harmony with the power, put us in sympathy with it; might we feel a direct contact with it like one grasps a wire alive with electronic energy, as we reach up to feel the hand of God. May eternal power sweep into every atom of our being and let loose influences that can never be defeated.

LEBANON, MILITARISM, and the COMING HELL

A sermon by VIRGIL A. KRAFT
Associate Pastor, The Peoples Church of Chicago
Delivered July 20, 1958

SEVERAL weeks ago, during a free-for-all discussion with some Russian students in Leningrad, I asked a question which they answered with loud laughter. This was the question: "Are you really free to criticize your leaders?" They not only answered me in the affirmative, but showed me published letters written by some discontented workers. And then they asked me the same question: "Are you free to criticize your leaders?" It was my turn to laugh. And then I changed the subject, because I realized that we are not as free as we would like to have them think.

In America there still are too many people with dubious claims on the Mayflower who believe that America can do no wrong, that our shield is unspotted, that everything our government does is good, and therefore anyone who dares to suggest, for example, that our foreign policy is influenced by men whose primary interest is economic advantage for themselves, such a person surely is nothing less than a Communist.

It is amazing how little some people know about Communism. If you are for race equality, you are a Communist—even though that ideal is written into our national Constitution. If you are for any kind of humanitarianism like a minimum wage or health insurance or an emergency public housing program or better schools or even disarmament, co-existence and world peace, you are a Communist. The other day when some gentleman remarked that women should organize and design their own dresses, one woman muttered, "He must be a Communist!"

The fact is that so many good things have been labelled Communistic that some people are beginning to wonder if maybe Communism isn't all right! Actually, of course, Communism is an impossible form of mass tyranny.

Sometimes, however, I think that people who shout loudest against some of the progressive humanitarian programs, even to the extent of calling them Communistic, deep in their hearts really want them, and secretly hope that despite their shouts against them, these programs will be carried out.

Someone has said that "A woman flees from temptation, but a man crawls away from it in the cheerful hope that it may overtake him!"

In any case, it is always risky, even in free, democratic America, to be critical. But, it seems to me that our influence throughout the world has degenerated so disastrously that unless the American people become vocal and demand some basic changes in our policies and behavior abroad, we are going headlong into an era of horrible destruction, when we could be leading the world into a paradise!

Simply stated, it is my conviction, based on much reading and two trips abroad, that the United States refuses to face the fact that the people of the world including the people of Russia, want freedom and peace. And we are pursuing policies based on selfish economic rights and militarism which, contrary to our stated idealistic aims, are keeping too many people enslaved and impoverished; and these people all over the world, as I shall point out,

are rising in bitterness and rebellion against us.

Let's start with Russia. As former Ambassador Kennan has emphasized in his book, "Russia, The Atom and the West", we are still dealing with Russia as though Lenin himself were still alive, and as though the Russian people were all Bolshevik brutes determined to conquer and enslave the world.

And, it is true that when it comes to building up Russia's defenses against real or imaginary threats of invasion, the Communists can be and have been brutal, as in East Germany and Poland and the Baltic States and Finland and Hungary. Russia did not crush the power of these countries because she wanted to establish Socialism. To be sure, a weak and wobbly kind of socialism was established, but the main purpose, as every historian and political scientist knows, was to establish a perimeter of defense, and beyond that, as in the Middle East, to undermine the position of the United States and England, for Russia claims, and, we have to admit, with some justification, that the United States and England wish to continue the economic exploitation of the Middle East and to surround Russia with a ring of military bases dangerously close to her borders.

In all fairness we should ask ourselves what we would do if Russia began to establish bomber bases in Mexico. Very likely instead of spending 77% of our federal budget for military purposes, as we are doing, we would boost it to 90%. More than that, in wild hysteria probably we would invade Mexico and launch the third world war.

What are some of the facts about Russia which apparently we are blind to, and which, therefore, we are not taking advantage of?

First of all, Russia is not a nation of cowering, impoverished slaves. Whatever she may have been in 1917, or even right after the last war, today Russia is a nation of modern cities, of rapidly expanding industries, and 200 million educated people. Since 1926 these people have constructed no less than 560 new cities and over a thousand new towns. In Moscow alone, whereas there were 8 chemical laboratories in 1921, today there are over 600. (Gunther, Inside Russia Today, Page 398)

I visited their universities and their libraries and their high schools, and I found them so amazingly advanced that I can only repeat what Walter Lippmann said, "There will have to be great changes in our educational system . . . if the decline on which we have started is not to become the slippery slope of the decadence of the West." (Look, January 21, 1958)

Let's not be so blinded by Communism—actually Russia is not a Communist country; it is a Socialist country. Most of the people do not even talk about Communism, except as a fantastic dream — Let's not be so blinded by whatever we do not like about Russia that we do not see what is really there.

This Spring I stood on a suburban hill outside Moscow, which, two years ago when I was there, was nothing but rocky pasture. Today that area is covered with modern apartment buildings and parks and playgrounds and schools. And this is happening in all the cities.

During the war 40% (around 300) of Russia's universities were destroyed. All these have been rebuilt and equipped with the most modern facilities.

Progress in Russia is real and amazing. No more amazing, to be sure, than the progress we are making all over our country; but in Russia it was

not supposed to happen. It has happened, and the people generally are thrilled with it. All of which means two things: First, an increased military potential. For example, today if war came to Europe, all of the Western Allies together could equip about 15 divisions; whereas the Soviet Union could equip at least 150 divisions.

Secondly, this progress in Russia means that the people generally are sufficiently educated that they cannot be treated like submissive peasants. Not only are there open rebellions among the suppressed students of East Germany and Poland and Hungary, but also within Russia itself. There have been student riots on the leading campuses of Russia, including the Polytechnical Institutes in both Leningrad and Sverdlovsk, the Moscow Mining Institute, the Leningrad Institute of Precision Mechanics, as well as the naval air training centers in Leningrad. (See N.Y. Times, Dec. 24; Washington Post, Dec. 30; Reuters dispatch, Dec. 29—all 1956; and AP dispatch, Jan. 8, '57.)

What is it the students want? They want what students all over the world want—freedom for debate and opportunity for creative initiative. The most popular novel in Russia today is the book, NOT BY BREAD ALONE—a phrase taken from the Bible, and which is based on the theme of individualism vs. bureaucracy.

There isn't time to present the abundance of evidence available, but it is a fact that in Russia today the overwhelming desire on the part of the people is for more freedom and a chance to be friends with the United States.

It is very significant that Russian military strategy, according to one American authority, is in general keyed more to defense than attack, as is indicated by the fact that the Soviet Union has no aircraft carriers, and apparently has no intention of building any. General A. C. Wedemeyer himself, in testimony before a Congressional committee, said: "I am convinced the Soviets do not intend to precipitate a new war." This statement did not make the headlines, but another statement by General H. R. Gaither on the same day, to the effect that "we are in very grave danger," did make the headlines. (N.Y. Times, April 12.)

The Russian people literally tremble at the thought of war. As I went walking with some students one night in Leningrad, I noticed that they were not as jovial as usual. Later one of them explained that it was the psychological effect of the clear sky. During the war, it was when the sky was clear that the bombs would fall. The Russian people know what war is. The American people as a whole do not. Therefore we have toy soldiers and toy bombers. You'll not find any toy soldiers in Russia. For the Russian people, war is not fun. The Russian people do not want any kind of violent conflict. They do want very much to be friends with the people of America.

One evening I attended a little party of English speaking students in Russia. I recorded almost the entire evening, and if anyone does not think that Russian students are both intelligent and full of fun, let them hear this recording. One boy, whose name was Vladimir, said he wanted to ask me a very philosophical question. I swallowed hard and said "OK." "All right, tell me, which do you think is better, complete happiness or a cheese sandwich?" Not being in a very Platonic mood that evening, I made a wild guess and said, "Complete happiness!" "I think you are mistaken," he said. "It is a cheese sandwich; because nothing is

(*Continued on page* 9)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

TO me it is a lamentable and tragic thing that there are so many young people growing up in the midst of a world more complicated and confused than the world has ever been, without a basic comprehension of the problems which other generations faced, and the difficulties which other personalities had to contend with. To me that is tragedy, for history has much to say, and men and women who have long since ceased to be a part of the active processes of human history have much to offer us today.

That is the value of historical study. History is one of the most fascinating, one of the most alive, vibrant, dynamic studies which any person can ever make. One cannot be too well grounded in faith and confidence in the perpetuity of one's own system of living. It cannot be expressed merely in an emotional loyalty like patriotism. It must be well authenticated, well augmented by a familiarity with historical personalities and with historical processes.

That is why I have been utterly amazed and deeply worried by the apparent lack of knowledge of our own historical personalities and the old principles of our own country and our lack of familiarity with the problems that existed at a time when we were in a very formative period. I have said it before and I repeat it now —I think that every child in an American school (and I incorporate in that idea of the American school all the parochial schools of the Roman Catholic Church, all the schools of the Lutheran Church, all of the private schools, all of the schools that operate as private institutions in our society) —I believe that every child ought to begin the study of the history of our country in the seventh grade, and it should be continued through the eighth grade, and there should be four solid years in high school devoted to the study of the formation, the beginning, the problems of the United States of America. That we have not been doing. The average course in United States history is one year—one year of United States History in high school. And there are places in the United States where it is not taught that much.

It isn't a question of learning a few dates, or a few names or facts about the people of our country. It is studying the expansion of social and economic freedom in the United States

against the background of the whole struggle of men in the history of the world; and it must be studied philosophically. The only interpretation of historical facts that is of any value, or of historical personalities, is when they are seen against the pattern of a philosophical background. It is interrelating one personality to another and each experience to another in the development of the whole social life of a community. Unless you relate facts to each other against the evolutionary processes of history, they are of no value. Merely knowing that Columbus discovered America in 1492 (although he never put his foot upon a single part of what is now American soil) is not enough. All of these things, until they are philosophically dissected and treated in the light of the present are of no value. You can't do that in one year of history.

If we could live long enough to see the result of four years of history in high school, in twenty-five years you would have a different kind of person in public life. You would have a different kind of society. You would have a different kind of leadership. You would find a complete change in our whole political structure.

Socrates said five hundred years before the birth of the Christian era that a democracy depended upon an educated citizenry, and it does. You can't build it where the political leadership is frequently the result of mere political accident. Almost without exception those who become presidents and those who assume high positions in the public life of our country are political accidents! They are not by design, by plan, by study and not by equipment, but are there because of the accidental quality in American political technique. The result is inevitably mediocrity and incompetency in high places. When you get mediocrity and incompetency in high places in the field of diplomacy, in the executive, in the judicial or legislative branches of our government, your whole structure is in danger and is imperiled; and the only way you can bring an awakening of the people to that tragedy is to give them information and get it intelligently distributed in the minds of the students and the educators. That is the importance of United States history in this hour and it was never more important!

Lebanon, Militarism and the Coming Hell

(*Continued from page* 7)

better than complete happiness, and is not a cheese sandwich better than nothing!"

Later, one of the students related a little philosophical story which is very revealing: When the mighty Alexander the Great asked the ragged philosopher Diogenes what favor he could grant him, the Cynic, who was reclining on the ground, remarked quietly, "Now please move a little out of my sun."

That is exactly what the new generation in Russia is asking: "Move a little out of my sun." Education has made them curious and restless. They want to see better, not just their own country, but the world. And the leaders of Russia today know this, and therefore they are caught in a frightful dilemma: Either they must give up their educational program and their technical progress; or they have to deal with a generation of demanding, self-respecting, educated people.

Now, the mystery of the century is this: why hasn't this fact been recognized by us, so that instead of just waving the big stick at them, and send-

ing our atomic bombers on scare-flights toward their borders, even putting former Nazis back into power in Germany, thus literally driving the Russian people into the arms of their own tyranny for protection; why haven't we made allies of these people, by letting them get some of the good things of life from us, by taking the initiative ourselves in arranging international scientific and peace congresses, by publishing more of our books in the Russian language. In 1956 over 500,000 Russians visited other countries, and in which they could have purchased these books by the thousands.

Last week, believe it or not, I heard that a group of angry parents protested the teaching of the Russian language in one of our suburban high schools. "This is a Communist plot," they said. (I don't dare turn myself loose on that!)

To make allies of the Russian people we could have been more willing to join their scientists in pioneering the frontiers of nature. We could have worked more positively with their young people in their world peace festivals. But instead, cowering with paranoia, we could see nothing but Communist trickery in everything they touched, and thus we have lost an opportunity to propagandize them, and even to let them get acquainted with us.

In his article, "A Crash Program for Peace," Paul Hoffman says, "We have shortsightedly behaved as if Communism were the most contagious of ideas, a disease of the mind against which we must quarantine ourselves." (Look, January 21, 1958)

The point is, our militarism and our irrational fear of socialism has blinded us to the proper way to deal with modern Russia, and there is a grave possibility now that we shall pay for it in fortunes and blood, and maybe our own cherished freedom.

It is dangerous to place the delicate art of diplomacy in military hands, just as it is dangerous to leave our political decisions to those whose minds are cluttered with ruthless economic ambitions. And this suggests the explanation for our disastrous policy in the middle-east, culminating in the maniacal military occupation of Lebanon.

To be sure, we are told by our president that our forces were sent into Lebanon "to protect American lives and to assist the government of Lebanon in the preservation of Lebanon's territorial integrity and independence. . . ." And this is what we are supposed to believe; in fact, it is considered unpatriotic by some to suggest something else—that our motives are not as ideal as they sound.

As in Isaiah's time, the patriotic demand is, "See not; prophesy not unto us right things, speak unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits." (Isaiah 30)

We do not like to believe that our nation ever does the wrong thing. We would rather be deceived and be told that our leaders are all-wise and all-righteous, and that America is the great knight in shining armor rescuing innocent victims of brutal villains all over the world. We must always be proud of our nation.

And, of course, we can be proud of our nation. Most of the bloody history written by other nations we have not written. By and large we have been generous and honest and fair. But even a saint can make one mistake which is bad enough to ruin his life.

Somewhere I read a military footnote on a horse by the name of Maggie: "Maggie," said the report, "was a good horse, but a little hard to handle. In her lifetime she kicked

two privates, three colonels, fourteen lieutenants, and one bomb!"

When I came back from Russia and the Middle East this time, I can honestly say that after seeing the fear and the poverty and the frustration and the irreverence for human life itself throughout that part of the world, no one could have been more excited and more thrilled to get back home than I was. America is a wonderful country; we have much to offer the suffering, struggling world; and I had a unique opportunity to tell this to thousands of people in speeches, in magazines, and in pictures.

But something has happened to our national judgment, to our spirit. For some reason we have gone out into the world to play GOD, and one by one, the nations of the world, including our own allies, are beginning to call us something else!

Why? What has happened? Why are nations, once friendly to us, beginning to call us names, like "the great international bully"? It shocked me when I found out what some of the people in England, for example, think of us, and some of my friends right here in Canada. What in the world are we doing?

Folly No. 1—We dropped the atomic bomb on two defenseless Japanese cities, even though our own military authorities, like Admiral Halsey, and the United States Bombing Commission, admit that this was not necessary. You can read the sordid story in numerous documents and magazines. (Harpers and The Reporter Magazine). These two bombs cost us more friends in Asia, and sowed more seeds of disrespect for our Christian way of life than all the Communist propaganda since the Revolution of 1917.

Folly No. 2—We continue to disregard the rights of little nations, and threaten the health of all their people, if not the people of the whole world, by our stubborn refusal to stop the atomic bomb tests. Already we have made three times as many tests as Russia. All geneticists agree that tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, will be afflicted through the coming years with cancer and genetical deformities as a result of the increase of radiation from the tests so far. Not only are the little helpless nations in the South Pacific begging us to stop these tests, but also some of the larger nations. In England the people voted with an unmistakable majority that these tests be stopped. Over 80% of the people in Western Germany are opposed to them. The great cry of the people of the world is for America to stop this deadly contamination of the atmosphere. Do we hear their cries? Do we, the greatest advocate of democracy in the world, pay any attention to the will of the people? Not at all! The military is in charge! And we have aroused the suspicion and the hatred of millions.

Fortunately, since Adm. Lewis Strauss and Dr. Edward Teller have been replaced by world-minded scientists and real humanitarians, as presidential advisers, we may work out a plan to stop the tests. But already we, the Christian nation, have lost the moral leadership of the world.

Folly No. 3—Under the banner of Crusaders Against Communism, we have bolstered some of the most corrupt and unpopular governments in the world. When anti-American riots occur in Formosa, and Okinawa, and Japan, and Pakistan, and Turkey, and Thailand, and in Latin America, and now all over the Arab world, we are told "It's the Communists!" And thus our eyes are safely sealed shut to the facts, which are very ugly.

We are not told, for example, that American fruit and sugar corporations

in Latin America are helping to keep most of the native farmers landless, and that in Peru, where Vice President Nixon was attacked, American oil and mining syndicates have an investment of $400 million and manage to keep the native people on low, starvation wages. The rioters in Peru were students who want the same chance to live the good life as American students. We like to say, they are Communists. The fact is, the Communist party is outlawed in Peru.

In Panama, the President's own brother, Milton Eisenhower, stirred up another Anti-American demonstration by students who want to do something about what they call a foreign occupation of their country. If the United States had been heroic enough to sponsor an International Straits Authority for both the Suez and Panama Canals, we would have allies in Panama instead of angry, suspicious neighbors.

Unfortunately, the people of the world, struggling for independence and the good life, know that it was American oil interests which kept the corrupt dictator of Venezuela in power, until the people in desperation had to use violence to get rid of him. And even now, bowing to these same oil interests, our government permits this ruthless dictator to live in quiet luxury in Miami Beach, Florida. The people of the world know this; and they don't get their information from the Communist Press, but from newspapers like the Wall Street Journal. (May 14)

Also the people of the world know that we are bolstering the government of Spain, which is one of the worst tyrannies in history. We hear much about the concentration camps and brutality of the Soviet dictators, but for some reason we do not hear anything about Spain. Recently over 200 students were arrested and tortured by Franco in an effort to force from them information about underground activities in behalf of democracy. There are thousands of refugees from Spain in Europe and in the United States. In fact, they have formed a Federated Spanish Council to maintain contacts with secret democratic, anti-fascist forces in Spain.

Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell, minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, after a visit to Spain, reported that he found more freedom behind the Iron Curtain than he did in Spain. Protestants especially are suffering under this dictatorship. Just recently a Protestant orphanage was closed. The 73-year-old Union Protestant Theological Seminary in Madrid was closed over a year ago by order of Franco's police. Only a few months ago the Spanish police raided the Madrid offices of the British and American Bible Society, removing and destroying over 30,000 Bibles.

It is in this country—Spain—that the United States Armed Forces have spent nearly one billion dollars to "protect democracy."

And now, what are we doing in Lebanon? One answer was given by the Chicago Tribune last Thursday. Every American should read it, as well as the one on Saturday. If we are in Lebanon to protect American citizens, why was it that these Americans didn't start leaving Lebanon until the Marines arrived? Now they are leaving in droves. The fact is, that Anti-American sentiment, even in Iraq, was not really serious until the Marines arrived. Now it looks like our presence in Lebanon is the one unexpected miracle which will unite the whole Arab world against us.

If we think we are there to preserve the independence of Lebanon, then it is exactly the opposite which will be accomplished, for when I was in Beirut, I talked with enough people to learn

that most of the Lebanese people favor some form of Arab Nationalism, but also they want to maintain friendly relations with the United States, if possible.

One fact, among many, which our government refuses to face is the rising tide of Arab nationalism, a tide which nothing can stop. We have tried to stop it. As an editorial in the New York Times says, "We have played to keep the Middle East divided into sovereign and independent states and tried to win each country separately to a support of the west. The result was a precarious balance now shattered . . . The policy now followed must not drive Nasser and his group into the Soviet Camp." (7/16/58)

But that is exactly what we are doing. Until recently, Nasser, the present leader of Arab nationalism, has preferred America to Russia. He is a strong Anti-Communist. Not long ago he irritated Khrushchev by arresting some Communists in Egypt and throwing them into jail. Nasser is an ardent Mohammedan, a religious man. He renounces the luxury and medieval extravagance which has characterized the other Arab rulers. He lives a simple unostentatious life with his family. He has only one wife, and is giving his daughters the best education possible —which is something rare among Moslems. Nasser is not primarily a military man, but a lawyer and a progressive leader who has brought new life to the poverty-stricken people of Egypt. We visited Egypt only a few weeks ago, and found the people ardent admirers of the United States. Cairo looks like an American city, with many English signs advertising American products.

Why is it that we oppose Arab Nationalism and attempt to bolster wobbly monarchies in Jordan and Iraq, and the unpopular government in Lebanon; and by such actions are driving the people directly into the arms of Russia, where none of them want to go? Why?

If we were really interested in stopping socialism, we would give real humanitarian help to these countries. In Afghanistan we found families living like animals in filthy mud huts and eating nothing but bread and tea, bread and tea, morning, noon, and night. We have pictures of them.

One of the students there showed me the old city of Kabul. I asked him what in the world happened to it. He said that during the British Occupation, a British soldier was murdered by one of the angry natives, and in retaliation, the British Air Force bombed the city to bits, people and all.

Meanwhile, Russia comes into Afghanistan and offers to help the people with new houses and new industries. And, of course, the people are grateful. And yet, despite the brutality of the west, they prefer friendship with the United States. Every student I talked to wanted to come to America for his advanced education. Not one said he wanted to go to Russia.

Today, I am sure the Afghans are disillusioned and bewildered and hurt.

Everybody in the world, it seems, knows why American troops are in Lebanon, except the Americans. And here are the facts: Partly to preserve a futile military bulwark against socialism, and partly to protect our interests in oil—which is not worth the price of a single American soldier—we have marched into Lebanon, and by so doing we have not only threatened the very life of the United Nations, but also we have thrown the entire Arab world into a stronger union against us. Very rapidly we are making enemies of all our friends, including Sweden, India, Japan, and Western Germany, driving many of them into the waiting arms

of Russia. Worse yet, we are giving Khrushchev the very evidence he has been wanting to persuade the Russian people that Capitalism is imperialistic and that therefore they must not only fear the west, but continue building weapons instead of houses. IT IS MY GRIM PREDICTION that unless the American Armed Forces withdraw from the Middle East, and we do everything we can to win back the friendship of the Arab people, we shall not only stand alone in a hostile world, but we will pay for it in blood, in economic disaster, and in the complete destruction of our own free-enterprise way of life.

MIRACULOUS MIRACLES

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
March 16, 1958

I AM frequently asked, as I have conversation with people about my daily tasks: "Dr. Bradley, what about miracles? Do you believe in miracles?" And before I make any reply I find it necessary to ascertain, as best I can, the intellectual attitude of the person who asks the question, as well as their religious philosophy and their religious belief, for when you ask a person: "Do you believe in miracles?" immediately you identify the miracles about which they ask you with many miracles in the Scriptures, which are violations of natural law, or the suspension of the natural law of the universe, laws which are created and observed by the creative process of the divine spirit of reality. And when a person asks you: "Do you believe in miracles?", immediately you recognize that they mean "miracles" like an axe head floating in water, as is recorded in the Old Testament; "miracles" like turning water into wine; "miracles" like feeding five thousand people with just a few loaves and fishes—one "miracle" after another which is identified with a complete break of the normal processes of creation. That is exactly what they mean when a person asks you: "Do you believe in Miracles?" And, of course, they are entitled to their own idea, their own conception of it, as you are entitled to yours.

I always go a little bit deeper, because I recognize that the people who are constantly harping on a belief in the cessation of natural law as evidence either of God or of one's spiritual relationship to God are depending upon a violation of natural law; and that I do not accept at all. I do not believe for one moment that God finds it necessary to demonstrate either His reality or His power by abrogating or rescinding one single iota of His own law! The reality of God depends upon something vastly more important than that and vastly more authoritative than that! The interesting thing in this connection is that our fundamentalist friends, who base belief on our acceptance of the miracle as outlined objectively in the experiences of the Bible, would refuse to accept the same miracles were they to be demonstrated today! They would refuse to accept such a miracle! If a sailor boy should come home and acknowledge that he had been swallowed by a great fish in the sea and was in the belly of that

fish for three days and then was cast up again on the shore and would appear today, now, in this age and hour, with such an assumption, he would be ridiculed! The fundamentalists themselves would be in the front line of refusing to accept such a "miracle"! If we had a manifestation of these miracles in our present intellectual and social status, they would be denied in toto by those who lay the biggest claim to recognizing them as happening two thousand years ago. Therefore, I spend very little of my time or of my intellectual energy in trying to harmonize the reality of God with anything which can be called, objectively, the manifestation of a miracle in this sense.

Now you ask me again: "Do you believe in miracles?", and from the depths of my heart and the very, very innermost secret of my brain, I say to you, without equivocation, without any reservation, whatever, "Yes! Yes, I believe in miracles!" I have seen too many; I have been a part of too much miraculous demonstration of the effectiveness and the beauty and the power of the creative spirit of God not to believe in miracles! I see miracles all about me. I see miracles in the faces of every member of the congregation this morning! I see miracles everywhere I look, until I can say, without exuberance, or without imagination, that all manifested life is a miracle in the highest and in the best sense of that much abused word! Dr. Fosdick told us somewhere once, I recall, that it's a little bit like a trellis that holds a vine, and this trellis begins, with the processes of time, to rot and decay and it falls down. And the vine which that trellis has held for, perhaps, many years has to adjust itself somewhere to cling—the trellis has gone! I am tremendously interested in helping to build the fundamental faith that the purpose of the trellis, which is to sustain evolving life, is one of the supreme purposes of God Himself; to build up and to put back the trellis of life—and that is always a miracle!

For a moment let us look at this: here we see a great volcano, belching its heat, its fire, its destruction into the air, sixty, a hundred million years ago; here we see by a little stream, on the edge of it, a bit of protoplasm, a tiny, little microscopic manifestation of life. We stand and look at the volcano and we would say: "There is the final destructive force of all the earth—that is power; that can destroy!" And then we turn to the little bit of protoplasm. Which one would you choose—the volcano or the microscopic bit of protoplasm? You see that bit of photoplasm develop, grow, evolve until, finally you have a moonlight sonata; or finally you have a Hamlet; or finally you have a paradise lost; or finally you have a Nocturne in D Major; or finally you have a flight in the air; finally you whisper and you're heard 'round the world; finally you fly faster than birds; finally you go under the ice cap and cross the North Pole under the water and ice; finally you prolong the life span of man! Fifty years ago we would all be pockmarked with smallpox—today it's non-existent! Fifty years ago man knew nothing or comparatively little in many areas in which, today, he has achieved —in the arts, in sciences, in music, in religion! You ask me about that and I recapture the same fundamental philosophy that is the true interpretation of the Biblical mystery—for the word for "miracle" in the ancient manuscripts was "amazement"! Amazement. And man, by following the divine laws of his cooperation with divine intelligence, (for man shares with God the process of creation; God did not retire from the opportunity of creation

when He created man—God took on a partner), will find that God and man, together, can work out a beautiful destiny for this earth and for man!

Man is the miracle—all of man! Your hearts are beating in your chests at this moment, and if we had perfect silence and coordinated that beating the beating of those hearts could be heard to the farthest star in the great alchemy of electronic energy! But you don't know why they beat, and you can't control the beating—it's involuntary; they do not beat from your will and no one yet has been able to tell the motive! Science can exp'ain the process, but it cannot create the life impulse—that is beyond your control and mine! You, yourself, constitute the great miracle! Miracles everywhere and all about us—miracles! Miracles! Do I believe in miracles? Yes! I believe in them increasingly! I look into the face of the great prophet Paul and I see the miracle of Saul of Tarsus! I look into the face of the great Saint Augustine and I see the miracle of the debauched and the putrid! I look into the face of Peter and I see Simon and the vacillating weakling! I look into the face of those who are failing and sinning and losing out with life and I see them capture the inner miracle of union with the spirit of God and I see a miracle in the life! Miracles? All is miracles! Don't tie it up to some limited, little dogmatic, materialistic concept! Take the whole scope of the human mind and the human heart and you will discover that Lord Alfred Tennyson was right when he held that day in the palm of his hand a little flower and said:

> Little flower in the crannied wall,
> If I but knew what you are,
> All in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

BOOK CHATS

BECAUSE we are short of space for Book Chats this month—(and because I've been studying the art of painting at the Ox Bow Summer School of painting at Saugatuck, Michigan, instead of reading books)—I am going to mention one or two books only, with a mere suggestion of what they are like.

To begin with the lighter side of life, and I was about to say "quaint" side as well until I looked up the word in Webster's and was amazed to find that to use "quaint" for old-fashioned is now archaic. In looking up several words I find that many expressions which come popping up naturally out of my subconscious vocabulary are referred to in the dictionary as archaic. This makes me feel somewhat antediluvian and I begin to wonder how it is that suddenly the words which have been handed down to one from a previous generation mysteriously disappear and a new set becomes the common and generally accepted choice. Well, to begin again with the lighter side of life, there is an engaging little book titled *Buttons in the Back,* by Elizabeth Kirtland, a woman whose interests are children, old people, dogs and a lovely old house in Georgetown, in Washington, D.C. She also has a country home in Kansas, and she enjoys reflection. She says "Since reflection is almost a lost art with modern man, I consider it a privilege to have been forced into it by a long

period of illness. "She taught English and Creative Writing for years and later because a Consultant for Administrative Writing for the National Security Agency. This book, *Buttons in the Back,* showing a drawing of a child trying to button up a dress which has buttons in the back, is a beguiling story of the true and the make-believe of a little girl's childhood. Mothers, and even fathers, of little girls will find it more fascinating perhaps than will the children themselves. It will give them a backward look over their shoulders into the past. It evokes memories something like the ticking of an old clock on the stairs.

There are incidents in the tree-house; looking in the breadbox for grandfather's lost faith; collecting coupons for a Bluebird ring; changing her name the first day of school because she didn't like the name she had, which got her into trouble; the adventure and elation of daring to go downtown alone to buy a new dress—a pink dress with white ruffles on the shoulders and—buttons in the back.

This little book may come in handy to read to a little daughter who is kept indoors with a cold this Fall. The only danger is that it may give her a few wild ideas to try when she becomes normal again. It may be best for the parents to read it through first. Published by Vanguard Press, $3.50.

* * *

Now for the more serious side of life, but mysterious and adventuresome. You will remember Thor Heyerdahl and his famed Kon-Tiki raft expedition. Eight years later Thor Heyerdahl returned to the Southeast Pacific to solve the mysteries of Easter Island; to find out Who carved the giant stone statues that have puzzled experts for over a century? To find out when and how these fifty-ton statues were transported miles from the quarry where they originated, by a primitive race who presumably possessed no mechanical skills. What toppled them over, so that they now lie strewn along the heights and plains of this tiny island in the Pacific? Other objects were found in dozens of secret caves scattered over the island, left by some unknown, long-departed invader — carvings of skulls and strange beasts; human masks and the rongo-rongo boards with their inscriptions which had long defied deciphering, each bearing clues to the skills and customs of an earlier people.

No scientist had been able to penetrate the natives' all-powerful taboos. However, "Senor Kon-Tiki's" fame had preceded him and to the superstition-ridden natives he was a mighty ancestor returned from the days of their island's greatness. The author speaks of Easter Island as "the loneliest inhabited place in the world. The nearest solid land the islanders can see is above, in the firmament, the moon and the planets. They have to travel farther than any other people to see that there really is land yet closer. Therefore, living nearest the stars, they know more names of stars than of towns and countries in our own world." . . . While our own race still believed that the world ended at Gibraltar, there were other great navigators who knew better. In advance of their time, they plowed unknown seas in the immense watery void off the desolate west coast of South America. Far out they found land. The loneliest little island in the world. They landed there, whetted their stone adzes, and set about one of the most remarkable engineering projects of ancient times. They did not build fortresses and castles, or dams and wharves. They made gigantic stone figures in man's likeness, as tall as houses and as heavy

as boxcars ,and they dragged them in great numbers across country and set them up erect on huge stone terraces all over the island.

Easter Island's only communication with the outside world is once a year when a warship arrives from Chile with provisions for the inhabitants. Then the ship goes back to Chile, which is as far away as Spain is from Canada.

With his family, crew and scientists, twenty-three people in all went to Easter Island on this expedition.

To start reading *Aku-Aku,* with its 62 photographs in full color, is to begin a fascinating adventure which will not let you put the book aside. (Published by Rand McNally, $6.95.)

GETTING BAZAAR-MINDED

Begin now thinking about the big event of the year—The Peoples Church Bazaar! What have you planned? Have you been sewing? Have you been shopping? Get in touch with the President of your club if you belong to one of the church organizations. If you are a member or a friend of the church but not a member of a church organization, get in touch with Mrs. Harry D. Stone, RAvenswood 8-7912, who is General Chairman of the Bazaar. It is not too early to begin your plans. The Bazaar will soon be upon us!

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IN late spring Dr. Bradley received a letter from Mr. Gene Chloupek, of Wilmette, Illinois, that warm-hearted musical clown, the traveling salesman who turned therapist for fun for the handicapped. To date he has given over 1000 shows mostly at children's and veterans' hospitals.

I smiled with pleasure when I read his letter, for not only do I well remember the delightful show he presented in Anderson Hall of the Peoples Church, for members of the Boy's Club and for our children, but I smiled also because his letter refers to the TV broadcast in which Dr. Bradley spoke of the good things about Chicago, and it just happened that we had already included in this month's Liberalist the article entitled "Chicago's Cultural Statistics," which is a copy of a letter written by Dr. Bradley to "The Inquirer" of London. Things very often dovetail so beautifully in this work of ours.

Gene is pretty well known around Chicagoland and has received much publicity by the press. He has a collection of all kinds of musical instruments, some brought from far-away places, the entire collection valued in excess of $25,000. His younger daughter, Ellen Jones (mother of three children), makes his many costumes and hats which are truly professional in design. His wife puts up with his practicing squeeks, blaa-s and toots on his musical menagerie.

Included with his letter was a

brochure giving pictures of many handicapped people who are doing fine work in this world. Some of those pictures include a Miss Gross, one of the best known editors among small town newspapers. Three years ago she lost both of her legs but made a wonderful recovery with the use of artificial legs. There was a picture of Mr. Dwight D. Guilfoil, Jr., head of Paraplegics Manufacturing Company, Inc., of Franklin Park, Illinois, who was voted one of the Ten Outstanding Young Men of the Year by the Junior Chamber of Commerce and was given a 1958 Good Human Relations Award by the midwest division of Dale Carnegie Club International at the Sheraton Hotel this Spring, and gave a heart-stirring address in response. There was a picture of Bill Smith, a capable young blind musician, who plays the piano with a three-piece orchestra in Dayton, Ohio; and of Miss Jessie McPhee, of Chicago, crippled by polio when nine years old, who helps Gene Chloupek with some of his shows and who gave a demonstration on Gene's miniature instrument collection before Northwestern University Music School; and Mr. Vernon Tracht, afflicted with cerebral palsy, who works with others at Mercy Hospital and will receive his doctor's degree this year.

In the brochure Gene Chloupek tells a story which he calls

A Partnership

(printed by permission of Gene Chloupek)

It has been my opportunity to meet many humane and wonderful people in the manufacturing, mechandising and advertising fields. Some of them do a great job in taking on so-called "handicapped" men and women. They find them valuable human assets of successful businesses. However, here and there I meet considerable hesitancy about hiring the "handicapped." Employers feel that perhaps other employes might find it upsetting or depressing to see the lame, the halt, or the blind among them. Contrast this hesitancy with the satisfaction and profit (in every way) of the employer who has found that hiring the handicapped *works.*

Some employers fail to realize that handicapped people are especially adaptable and accustomed to working out the innumerable complicated adjustments in every day living. In their heroic struggle to make a living many of them require special types of education in order to prove their ability; but this educational help and training is no different nor more costly than the scholarships handed out for student training nor the initial help given most employes on new jobs.

An organization with a large office group in the Middle West was recently approached and asked to take on a handicapped young woman, who has her Master's Degree. The Personnel Director did not even consent to a personal interview with this ambitious capable young woman. In a sense he just "slammed the door" in her face. Does it follow that there are those who classify these fighting, courageous, capable, handicapped people as *untouchables?*

In my happy mission of entertaining I get around to hospitals, schools, and training centers for the handicapped. I contact dynamic, kindly and intelligent children and adults. They possess a keen sense of humor; they laugh and joke about the same things you and I do; they laugh at their own afflictions; they inspire and widen the spiritual horizons of everyone they meet. Deep in their hearts they have won more than the Congressional Medal of Honor! Deep in their souls they carry living faith! Every person who has the privilege of daily contact with them is blessed thereby.

So what if the handicapped may never walk, run, hear or see! They can move with you in spirit; they can read the language of your lips; they can see through your eyes, thus bringing to us all a *working partnership* in the every-day joy of living. Jobs know no handicapped!

Gene Chloupek,
1114 16th St.,
Wilmette, Illinois

* * *

Miss Vera Hahn, of Elgin, Illinois, wrote to the "Secretary" asking for a copy of a poem Dr. Bradley read on his WGN-TV program. She added this interesting bit of information: "I once attended Pantheon Theatre in Chicago when Dr. Bradley 'held forth' there in 1920 or thereabouts; and now (after many years roaming the Far East) I am back home in Illinois (not Indiana, as the song has it) and listen to him every Sunday night on television. What a remarkable, enduring (shall I say durable?) man he has proven. Surely God gives him strength every minute—to help the many who depend on him."

* * *

Dr. Bradley is always so grateful when he can be in town at the time people need him the most:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is but a small token of the love and gratitude I have for you in my heart.

My husband's last wishes for your presence at his side have been fulfilled.

I remain, Gratefully yours,
(Mrs.) Elizabeth Childress

* * *

From the Vice President and General Manager of WGN came the following letter:

My dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for your thoughtful note and for the enclosure of the April, 1958 "Liberalist."

To say I am delighted with the comments printed in the "Liberalist" is the understatement of the year. Such letters warm the cockles of one's heart.

After watching this fine series, we think you hit an all-time high in the presentation of this last Saturday night. Knowing you left a dinner, at which you were a prime participant, to come to the broadcast and then return to the social function, represents again the length to which you will go to make a contribution to our Chicago community. I know that was a hectic evening for you, but your performance was even better than those of the past, if that is possible. It was just excellent, Dr. Bradley, and we want to congratulate you.

Kindest personal regards.

Sincerely,
Ward L. Quaal.

* * *

Our readers and members will recognize the name of our lovely harpist at Eastertime:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have wanted to write you long before this to offer my congratulations on your forty-sixth anniversary. And I think that the Peoples Church should be congratulated for this good fortune!

What a wonderful inspiration it is to see a really dedicated person living an unselfish life of service. It is a real privilege to be counted among your friends.

It was such a pleasure to be at People's Church again—it really seemed like Easter. I shall save next Easter for you, as you asked me to, but I certainly hope to see you before then.

Mother joins me in all best wishes

to you and Mrs. Bradley, for a happy summer and a wonderful trip.

Sincerely,
Doriss (Briggs)

* * *

My dear Doctor:

The "Night for America" was a tremendous educational affair. Hundreds of people have mentioned this to me since Friday night. The impression and the purpose I believe will be long felt among the audience. The greatest amount of credit must go to you, because as one person said, "There is only one Dr. Bradley."

I am ever so grateful to you, Doctor, for your participation in the affair, making it the success that it was. I hope you will not mind if I impose upon your time in the next week or so, as I would like to come over and discuss a few matters with you pertaining to Independence Hall.

Very respectfully yours,
S. L. DeLove, President.

* * *

Dr. Bradley asked to borrow the following letter, because he felt the members would be interested in it, since it concerns one of the Peoples Church "boys" who grew up in our Sunday School, and whose father is a member of the Board of Trustees:

The letter is written on stationery of Headquarters Iceland Air Defense Force, Military Air Transport Service, United States Air Force, APO 81, New York, New York, and dated the 3rd of June, 1958:

Dear Mr. Crosswhite:

I am pleased to inform you that your son, A/3C William A. Crosswhite, has been selected as "Airman of the Month" for the month of May, 1958, of Iceland Air Defense Force at Keflavik Airport, Iceland.

This honor was bestowed upon him in recognition of outstanding personal qualities and the manner in which he has performed his duties. William won the honor in competition with all airmen of the base. He is entitled to receive several tokens, including a three-day pass, a check for $10.00, a pen and pencil set, and a tour of Reykjavik consisting of swimming, a free luncheon, and visits to points of interest.

While these gestures help to express appreciation of the entire base for your son's contribution to the efforts of the Iceland Air Defense Force, the real reward is the actual selection as "Airman of the Month" and the significance of that title.

Your son received this distinction upon the recommendation of his superiors for his work as an Organizational Supply Specialist with the 1400th Field Maintenance Squadron, Iceland Air Defense Force.

As the father of this fine young man who is serving so creditably in the United States Air Force, please accept my personal congratulations.

Leslie B. Shaw, Colonel,
USAF, Chief of Staff.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

For several years I have been unable to hear your Sunday morning services, and it has been a great joy to me to discover your new Saturday evening television series. I think these are the most effective programs you have ever done. You really project into the viewer's living room in a very meaningful way.

Ralph Schoenleben.

* * *

A few TV letters follow:

I would be very glad to have a copy of the four facts you spoke on over TV last Saturday eve.

Dr. Bradley, I think you are truly a very great man and I take this opportunity of thanking you for all that you

have done to make this great world of ours a better place in which to live and to thank you for the inspiration your talks have given me. I heard the talk you gave on Lincoln and it was really the finest I have ever heard on that great man, and the ones on Democracy and Education were simply marvelous. How I wish I could have a copy of each, but you have made it clear how impossible that would be. I shall continue to listen to your Saturday evening TV talks and try to grasp and absorb all I can and be grateful I was privileged to hear you.

May God's richest blessings rest upon you and may He let you remain with us many more years.

Thank you and my best wishes.

Mrs. Mary N. Meyer.

* * *

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Radio Broadcast, WBBM.
Morning service. Peoples Church.
Christening.
Radio Broadcast, WAIT.
Radio Broadcast, WCFL.
FM Broadcast, WSEL.

2—Funeral.
Address. Commencement, Hobart High School, Hobart, Ind.

3—Address. Chicago Rotary Club. Casino Terrace, Morrison Hotel.
Address. Walgreen Sales Organization Banquet, Edgewater Beach Hotel.

4—Working in Study.
Address, Lake Forest College Alumni Banquet.

7—Christening.
Weddings, Peoples Church.
Pastoral Call.
Funeral.
Two Weddings.
Conference.

8—Radio Broadcast, WBBM.
Morning service. Peoples Church.
Radio Broadcast, WAIT.
Radio Broadcast, WCFL.
FM Broadcast, WSEL.
Four Christenings.

WEDDINGS

7—Grace Constance Schaffer and Ronald William Fross

7—Frieda Levy and William F. Matthews

FUNERALS

2—Mrs. Juel E. Cates

7—W. W. Hale

CHRISTENINGS

1—Lawrence James Rome, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Rome

7—Wendell Keith Hall, Adult

8—Donald Scott Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stewart

8—Thomas Raymond Nance, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Nance
Rone Allen Dexter, and Phyllis Elaine Dexter, children of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dexter

GOOD MEALS ARE WAITING TO BE PREPARED

The Cook Book of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church ($1.25) is waiting for you at the church office or at the lobby sermon table on Sunday; or if you prefer, order by phone from the Church Office, LOngbeach 1-6878.

The excellent favorite recipes of many of our own members, in all the categories of foods, are available to you in the best cook book and the lowest priced one of the season.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning broadcast, "Words and Music," WBBM
Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church Choir and Quartet..... 7:30 a.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Sunday, September to June. New members welcomed.... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday School. Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education:
During the summer children meet in the church sanctuary at 11 for a special picture showing, retiring at 11:30 before the sermon, to Anderson Hall for the remainder of the hour.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday morning service.....11:00 a.m.

WAIT, Sermonette by Dr. Bradley..... 1:00 p.m.

Uptown Temple Club (single adults) every Sunday, Anderson Hall..... 5:00 p.m.

Vesper Broadcast, WCFL, every Sunday..... 545 p.m.

Sunday Evening Service (Re-opens November 2, 1958)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (the four Wednesdays in January, 1959).... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: Opening Luncheon September 30. For information regarding membership and summer events, contact Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Chris Larsen, 909 Gunnison St., RAvenswood 8-2420

Professional and Business Woman's Club:
Opening Dinner in September.

Men's Club: Meets once a month during church season. For information, write or phone Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Sec., 2218 W. Carmen Avenue, Edgewater 4-5998.

Couples Club meets 1st Tuesday in Anderson Hall, Folk Dance..... 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Summer Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WBBM—"Words and Music"—Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir..... 7:30 p.m.
WAIT—Dr. Bradley Speaks—A Broadcast based on the Golden Rule..... 1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Dr. Bradley's Vesper Broadcast..... 5:45 p.m.

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In Memoriam
Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President
4950 Marine Drive (40)
Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, 1st Vice-Pres.
1430 Argyle Street (40)
Mrs. Evert Hallberg, 2nd Vice-Pres.
1225 Chase Avenue (26)
Mrs. William B. Frank, Rec. Sec.
4455 N. Racine Avenue (40)
Mrs. Chris J. Larsen, Corr. Sec.
909 Gunnison Street (40)
Mrs. James Coughlin, Treas.
1221 Granville Avenue (40)

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Winifred Jacobson, President
4451 W. Montana St. (39)
Mrs. Helen B. Eddins, Vice-President
2710 Giddings St. (25)
Miss Minerva Hansen, Treas.
1301 W. Argyle St. (40)
Miss Marjorie Carlson, Rec. Sec.
2915 Jarvis St. (45)
Miss Grace Marsh, Corr. Sec.
4554 Broadway (40)

MEN'S CLUB

Mr. Arthur George, President
2740 N. Cortland St. (47)
Mr. Harlow D. Stevens, Vice-Pres.
624 Oakton St., Evanston, Ill.
Mr. Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)
Mr. G. E. Vail, Treasurer
7746 N. Haskins Ave. (26)
Mr. Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms

COUPLES CLUB

Mrs. Kay Zissis, President
1020 W. Ainslie (40)
Mr. Donald W. Ruden, Vice-President
4750 N. Clarendon (40)
Mrs. Fred B. Roberts,
1131 W. Grace St. (13)

UPTOWN TEMPLE CLUB

Miss Claire Horn, President,
7327 N. Rogers Ave. (26)
Mr. Woodrow Babio, Vice-Pres.
959 Webster (14)
Cele Bishop, Secretary,
738 Briar Place (14)
Mr. Verne Rapp, Treasurer
7324 N. Osceola Avenue (31)

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
In Memoriam

CHANNING CLUB

Henry Tap, President
5395 N. Bowmanville Ave. (25)
Barbara Sison, Vice-President
1263 Leland Ave. (40)
Don Ruden, Secretary
4750 Clarendon Ave., (40) Apt. 306
Sandra Neubauer, Treasurer
5318 N. Central Ave. (30)

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 97

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4249 N. Greenview (13)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40)

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Kenneth Hudson, Leader
4531 N. Greenview (40)

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Hubert L. Roasa, Leader
4832 N. Magnolia Ave. (40)